

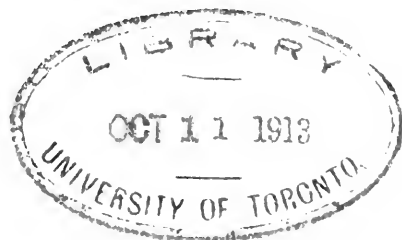
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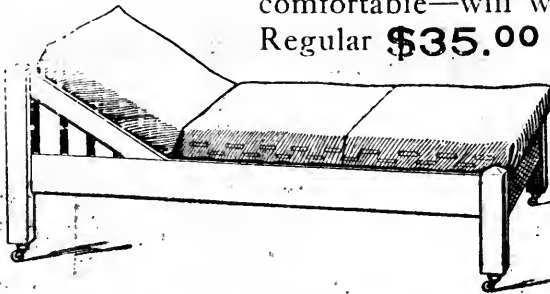
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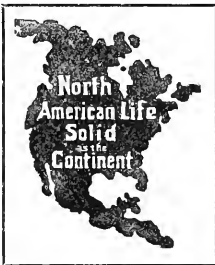
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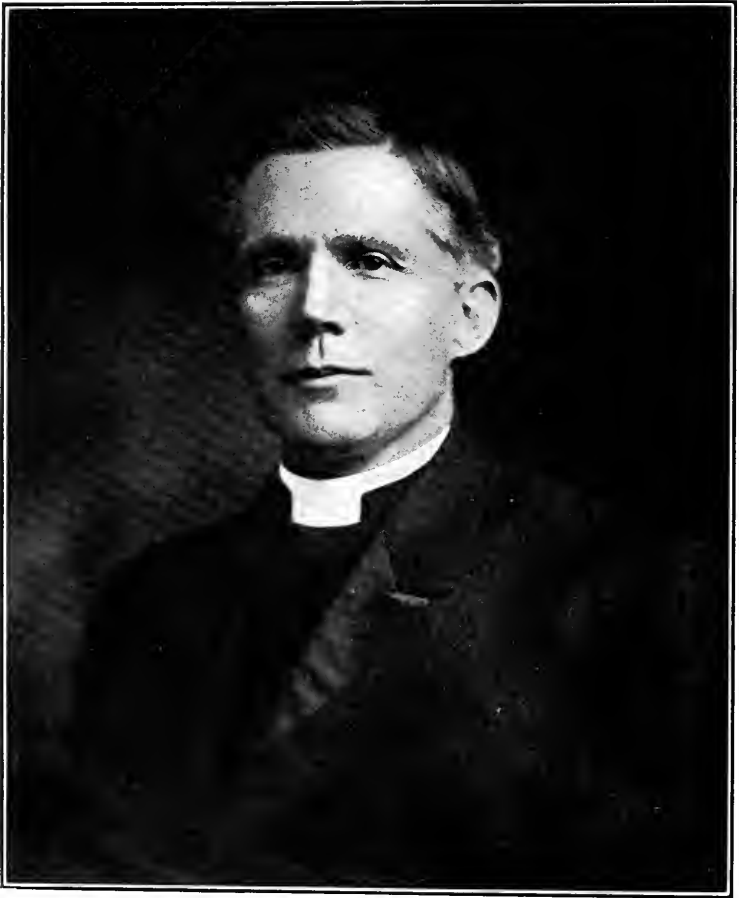
ACTA VICTORIANA



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**Published monthly during the College year by the Union Literary
Society of Victoria University, Toronto.**



REV. RICHARD PINCH BOWLES, M.A., D.D., LL.D.
President of Victoria University.

ACTA VICTORIANA

VOL. XXXVIII. TORONTO, OCTOBER, 1913

No. 1

A Message from President Bowles

Our College is now entering a year likely to be memorable in its history. Dr. Burwash, after twenty-six years of signal service, has retired from the Chancellorship, carrying with him the deep affection of all the professors and students. A new President writes this message for the first issue of the College magazine. In the confident hope that the happy relations which in the past have existed between the student body and the head of the College will continue, he enters upon the duties of his office. In doing so he would assure the students of his best endeavour in their interests and of his sympathetic understanding of College life. In the charge given to Dr. Ryerson when he was installed as first President of the College in 1842 are these words "Let it never be said that any student failed to find in you a friend." The fathers who founded the College evidently regarded the office of President as pastoral in its character rather than managerial or pedagogic, and may it so continue.

The opening of Burwash Hall, to which we have been looking forward with keen anticipation, also gives distinction to this year. We could wish for nothing fairer or nothing more commodious or well-appointed than has been given us in the four houses of residence and the dining hall. Generations of coming students who spend their college life within their walls will hallow and enrich them with those sentiments which cling to similar halls in other and older lands. The day when the students come into possession of this fine home will stand a red-letter day in Victoria's Calendar. The changes in the teaching staff are also calculated to make the year memorable. Mr. Vincent Massey, B.A., who has just returned from two years' successful work at Oxford, will, in addition to his work as lecturer in Modern History in the University, take the position

of Junior Dean. As such he will be the presiding genius of the social life of the Residence and Dining Hall. Already with devotion and enthusiasm he has taken up the duties of his office, attending personally to every detail, and with other officers of the College planning the best for life in the Residence. Mr. C. W. Stanley, B.A., who did his Alma Mater such high honour in the recent examinations at Oxford, will be welcomed to the staff as lecturer in English Literature by many who knew him as a fellow-student two years ago. Mr. W. T. Brown, Ph.D., returns from pursuing his studies in Harvard and takes up the very important work of lecturer in Apologetics and Ethics, while the position vacant since the death of the lamented Dr. Blewett will be filled by Dr. Lane, who has been for ten years Professor in Randolph-Macon College, Lynchburg, Virginia. In addition to these two are coming from England. The Rev. Hugh Michael, M.A., becomes Associate Professor in New Testament Exegesis, and Mr. S. H. Hooke, B.A., B.D., comes to fill the position of Associate Professor in the Oriental languages. Such an array of new professors and lecturers is an indication of the growth of the College.

The year nineteen hundred and thirteen will also be distinguished by the inauguration of student government. The agreement bringing this about awaits the signature of the President. It will be given heartily and without any reservation in the confident assurance that the students of Victoria will in every way guard the highest interests of the life of the College and will tolerate nothing unworthy of Victoria's best traditions.

Surely a year made distinct and special in these many ways is a year of critical import. It is a challenging year, and it calls officers, professors and students to serious thought if there be any way in which the life of the College should show improvement. Are there any institutions or customs which Victoria has outgrown and which should be allowed to lapse? The year calls us to lift yet higher the standard of refined and noble life—to extend and deepen the spirit of true devotion to the highest social, moral and religious ideals. Let it be repeated, this is a challenging year by reason of its distinction and newness. If there be not a true response there is danger that the tone of the College will decline. No College is immune from

deterioration. Mediocrity, the second-class spirit, is always waiting at the door. Nowhere perhaps is the necessity of un-failing search for the best more imperative than in the college, and of her officers, her teachers and her students Victoria this year emphatically demands the best.

Strong

If thou hast learned through heart-felt grief
The sacred fellowship of woe,—
To weep with weepers, share each blow,
And sharing, minister relief.

Then hast thou learned how best to live,
And here, or there, or elsewhere,
The Master's crowning joy canst share,
Gain strength on strength, and gaining, give.

And if thy giving meet the need
Of humble toilers on life's way,
Or fighters in the thicker fray
Of truth with falsehood, love with greed,

Then be a wondrous gladness thine,
That He who taught thee to be strong
Amid the weakness of the throng,
Has bid thee share His task Divine.

C. S.

Prairie Pictures

Mary Stevens was one of the many young teachers who went to Saskatchewan in answer to the constant call for help which the Western Provinces kept sending to the East. A month had passed, in which she had heard many tales of the hardships of pioneer days and of the beauties of the prairie. She had come to love it in its ordinary dress, and was eager now to behold some of its wonders, perhaps a brilliant rainbow seen not through a space between the trees, but in one perfect semi-circle from horizon to horizon, or a mirage of some distant scene far beyond the ordinary range of vision, or a display of northern lights with their shooting colors filling half the sky.

She needed no second invitation, then, when early one October morning, Mrs. Clark rapped on her door and called, "Oh! Miss Stevens, do come and see the mirage. It is quite wonderful this morning."

Though Miss Stevens was still very sleepy, not having become thoroughly accustomed to the climate, she was soon with the rest looking with interest upon her first mirage. There, apparently about half a mile away, stood a little town distinctly outlined. The houses and stores could be seen quite plainly, and even the doors and windows of some of them. "How far away is it, really?" asked Mary.

"Why, about thirty miles, I guess," said Mrs. Clark, "the men say it is the town of Redvers."

"Have you ever been there?" asked Mary.

"No, but my husband was there last winter, and recognized it at once this morning. Now look a little more to the east."

There, a little farther away, stood another town, dimmer than the first because farther away. The neighbors' houses, though in reality two or three miles away, seemed within a stone's throw.

"Isn't it like fairyland?" said Mary in surprise. "If it were not for the blue haze which overcasts it you would be sure it was real."

"It is real enough," was the answer. "The only unreal thing about it is the apparent shortness of the distance. It has fooled many travellers before now. They imagine a town is

just a little distance ahead, and drive towards it, when it gradually disappears and they are quite mystified. See, it is beginning to fade now. The sun is getting too high."

"Do you really see mirages in the morning, then?"

"Yes, or sometimes in the evening, but they are plainer in the morning."

"Do you see them very often?"

"There will be one 'most any morning now," said Mrs. Clark, "but you have to be up with the sun or you'll miss them. This is the season for the best ones, but you may be here a long time before you see one as clear again, or where you can see so far."

The rest of the day passed uneventfully, as so many days on the prairie do. The sun, going down like a ball of fire, shot red rays almost to the eastern horizon, while from the west to the zenith the sky was one mass of brilliant color. Gradually the sun called in the red rays, and they, as if sorry to leave their sky playground, went slowly and reluctantly to their western bed.

When just a pink tinge was to be seen on the sky, and it was beginning to be quite dusk, Mary rose from her chair on the verandah and started for her evening walk.

"They will not see me now," she thought. One might wonder who could see her, for the nearest house was at least a mile away, and the prairie seemed utterly deserted. Oh, yes, the neighbors might not be close, but they were there just the same, and where the naked eye could not see what "went on" at the houses near by, or which of the bachelors in the district could put out the whitest washing, the spy-glass could. When two little girls, sitting on the back desk one recess, and little knowing how far a whisper carries, discussed the question of the teacher's walks, she could not help but hear. Their parents' opinions, sometimes their very words and tones, were reproduced as faithfully as if by phonograph. Not caring to be watched so closely she had waited till a little later in the evening.

Often it was plans for the school that absorbed the teacher's attention at such times, but more often the prairie itself was too wonderful to admit work thoughts. To-night the stars were

so brilliant that they almost seemed to be begging to be recognized and called by name. There were no high buildings, no trees here to shut out the view. The whole dome of heaven from horizon's rim to horizon's rim was one sparkling brilliant canopy. The vastness and the grandeur of it all seemed to sink deeply into Miss Stevens' soul, and the Prairie Spirit took the place of the friends she could not have. It was a changeful Spirit, too, of many moods. Sometimes it seemed angry and the wind blew so hard it was almost impossible to keep on the trail. Sometimes its fury was more intense, and as if wind were not enough alone, the dust was swept along in a dark, blinding, stinging storm.

After such a storm Mr. Clark came in one night. "We'll have to farm the Thorpe's place next year," he said, as he washed his face at the kitchen sink and wiped on the family towel.

"What's that?" said his wife, turning from her work in alarm.

"Why the whole place came over in that storm," he said.

"Well," she answered, with a laugh, "if we have to farm their land I'd rather it would come to us than that we should have to move to it."

But to-night the mood of the Prairie Spirit was quiet, not a breath of wind anywhere to break the even calm. It seemed as if the Spirit had counted up the little trivial tasks of the earth-workers, and the total was so great that nothing more could be desired, and the air-workers, too, had a holiday.

It was now getting too dark to see the trail, and reluctantly the teacher turned her steps back to the house, as if she, too, like the red rays of the sun, must not stay out too long.

Here and there over the prairie the strawstacks, the "beacon lights," were being lit up. The straw left after the threshing must be burned before the winter snow came to soak it through and make it harder to get rid of. Since the night was calm, the farmers had taken advantage of it, and as many as fourteen burning piles could be seen.

The next day was hot and windy. The prairie had changed its mood. The children were restless in the morning, and on her way back after dinner the problems of the geography classes

were upon the teacher's mind. How could she make the ideas of lumbering real to children whose acquaintance with trees was so limited, or how could she give them definite ideas of manufacturing when they had never seen a factory, or of shipping when even a row-boat was quite unknown to them.

The answer to such problems took her attention until she reached the schoolhouse, but here everything was strangely still. Where were the happy faces and the merry laughter which usually met her? The problem was soon solved by Freddy, whose round cheeks could not contain a laugh for long. He is soon found behind the door; a strange sound of falling coal gives away the hiding place of two others; the cupboard and the teacher's desk are soon searched and the faithful seven all brought out in sight. Freddie has an animal handkerchief to show the teacher, and little Edith, who is learning the colors, vainly tries to name them straight. In the general good humor school was called, and the geography difficulties and even the addition tables are more eagerly attacked than usual.

At recess all go out to play, the teacher being needed to make the sides even. But a few minutes had passed, when Gordon noticed a strange smoke a few miles away.

"This is a strange day to burn off straw," he said to Charlie Thorpe. "Is it on your brother's place?"

"Oh it is all right," said Charlie. "they have a wide guard ploughed around it," and they turned back to play.

During the rest of the afternoon the smoke was watched anxiously by all. When early evening came and the flames became visible, it was quite apparent that the fire had leaped the fire-break and was running loose over the prairie. What a sight it was! It seemed as if the earth itself were on fire. The air was filled with rolling, curling, curving flame. Every few moments a fresh pillar would dart upwards to a height of about six feet, then curve over in a roaring mass, sending up mountains of smoke.

About eleven o'clock at night the first signs that the fire was under control appeared. The flames no longer shot so high, and the men who had gone with their ploughs to help fight the fire began to return. Over the burned area, too, there was now

more smoke than fire. Mr. Clark came home and gave the information that it was the school section that was burned.

"The school section," said Miss Stevens in surprise, "what is that?"

"Do you not know," said Mrs. Clark, "that Saskatchewan was laid out in townships six miles long and six miles wide? Out of the thirty-six sections thus laid out the Government reserved one for school purposes. We call this the school section. It is still virgin prairie, and when the grass becomes dry in the summer it is quite easy to start it burning. The school section runs to the trail, and as there happens to have been some grading done along there the fire would be easily checked. But the men would have to do some quick ploughing to save the Elsons' place, which lies to the north of the section. It is a good thing the wind was almost directly from the west, or the men might not have been in time to save the house."

Thankful that no serious damage had been done, and that all danger was over, the watchers returned to the house. For days the image of six hundred and forty acres of burning grass flashed across their minds at almost any moment. It was a scene never to be forgotten, and made them think how terrible fires must have been in the days when there were no graded trails to stop their progress, nor men with plows available.

MABEL M. HURLBURT, '14.

The Windy Day

Over the hills when the wind is swift,
 Over the hills for me—
 Out where the pine limbs catch and lift
 And there's humming of the sea!

Out where the fresh salt blows again,
 Out, away and away!
 Away from now to the wonderful then,
 —Wind-tossed hair and my dreams to-day!

A. L. PHELPS, B.A.

Professor George Jackson's Services

(Editor's note.—The following article is taken from the editorial columns of the *Toronto Globe* of May 29th, 1913. It has been thought that an appreciation so liberal and sympathetic of one whom Victoria has always been pleased to honour, and whose personality and lectures will be much missed by many of the students of Victoria throughout the coming term, may appropriately be reproduced in ACTA.)

The return to England of Prof. George Jackson of Victoria College, going quietly and unostentatiously as became his refined habit of life, removes from the pulpit of Toronto and from circles of religious thought a man of fine culture and engaging personality. His eighteen years of ministry in Edinburgh left their impression on Mr. Jackson's life and work. He developed the habits of a serious student of real problems. Without posing as a profound scholar he mastered the results of genuine scholarship in the domain where he worked. Keeping ever in view the practical ends of the ministry, he yet wielded the pen of a literary artist, and much of what he produced will abide in religious and homiletic literature. Naturally, inevitably, his outlook on vital problems of faith and life was touched by the Edinburgh atmosphere in which during formative years he lived and moved and had his being. He never lost the evangelic note of English Methodism, but that note took on a new depth and breadth of tone by reason of sympathetic association with that varied and marvellously gifted modern school of Scottish scholars and preachers who have widened the horizons of theological thought and reinforced the apologetic of the religious life in all the English-speaking circles of Christendom.

It was inevitable that Professor Jackson would disturb the peace of some whose chief dependence in argument is not on the essential facts of the Christian religion but on certain theories about those facts. Theories in theology, as in any other science, change with the incoming of new facts and the better co-ordination of old facts. A man's Christianity is not dependent on his acceptance of this or that theory, but on his acceptance of the fundamental facts and on the accordance of his life with those

vital and supreme verities. At bottom Christianity is not a philosophy which may be theorized, but a life which must be lived.

This at least was part of the message which Mr. Jackson preached in Canada. That he troubled the minds of some very good people was no more surprising than that the saintly Ralph Erskine refused to recognize the preaching of George Whitfield because the great English missionary cared nothing about the mint and anise and cummin of the Solemn League and Covenant. The testimony of many hundreds in Toronto is that as preacher and as teacher Professor Jackson helped to re-establish faith in the great verities and to interpret personal experience in the light of the facts of the New Testament. Canadians of all schools of thought and ecclesiastical orders appreciate the clarity of his thinking on themes of the highest import and the winsomeness of his method in dealing with "defects of doubt and taints of blood." British Methodism receives back her own, but enriched by years of Canadian experience and service.

Opportunity Protests

Believe not those who falsely say
I knock but once, then turn away,
And never more return.
Do not despair, if at my knock,
Thou once did'st not the door unlock;
My law is not so stern.
Go! act thine own appointed part,
With faith and courage in thy heart,
And soon, beyond the vanished cares,
You'll find I've entered unawares.

H. B.



Elgin House, Lake Joseph, Muskoka.

Elgin House and What it Means

The waters and woods and old grey rocks of Muskoka have a unique charm for Victoria College girls—the added charm that every fair, natural scene possesses when it is linked in one's memory with a very happy event, and for many girls of our College Muskoka recalls an especially happy event expressed in two words—Elgin House. To us these words recall an interesting assembly of women, young and old, from various city and college Young Women's Christian Associations throughout Canada for a short ten days' conference together in that lovely spot where, among the tall pines and rustling birch trees, we may, like the ancient Druids, worship for a while in Nature's temple.

So it was that in the month of leaves and flowers, crowds of happy girls found themselves thronging off the boat at the Elgin House wharf and hurrying up the steep hill to the hotel verandah, where, owing to the careful and systematic arrangements of the committee in charge, the usually tedious process of registering and assigning rooms was quickly accomplished. Victoria delegates (there were eighteen) found themselves ensconced in the top flat of the Annex. From its bright, airy

rooms one might gaze past the gorgeous beds of flaming poppies, across the daisy-besprinkled fields into the cool depths of the woods beyond, and in the early morning one could watch the waters of the lake ruffled into sparkling ripples by the playful morning breezes.

The conference this year was eminently successful and inspiring, one reason being that we had with us several visitors from the Mohonk Conference, interesting people from far-away lands, people whom it was a rare and wonderful privilege to meet. Perhaps the most fascinating of these was little Miss Tsuda from far Japan, a tiny person whose gaiety was infectious, whose charm of manner was irresistible, and who altogether was one of the most attractive personages of the Conference. No less interesting was Madame Orgewsky from Russia, a woman of exquisite charm of manner, who was always to be seen in the centre of a group of girls telling them of the life of Russian girls of all classes, listening with eager interest to all we could tell her about Canadian girls. And as, on the last Sunday afternoon of the Conference, these two—one from Russia, the other from Japan—sat side by side under the beautiful stained glass window bearing the inscription "We are all one in Christ," one could not but think that here was the universal spirit of our Christian Association visualized before our eyes. For our Association is worldwide, its members are noble women of almost every nationality and creed, yet all united in the one purpose, devoting their lives to the service of womankind, aiming to bring other girls and women into a right relationship with their Saviour. Truly great, if not famous, men and women of our own nationality were at the Conference, too, missionaries to distant lands, secretaries of our Y.W.C.A., leaders of Bible study classes and Christian ministers. Miss Rouse, known as the John R. Mott of the Y.W.C.A. movement, a woman of wonderful strength, was a great help and inspiration to the girls, and she, as well as Miss Saunders, have left on our minds influences that will not soon be forgotten.

Perhaps it might be of interest to those who have not attended this Conference to know how the days were spent. In the morning one hour was devoted to the study of various

parts of the Bible under earnest and efficient leaders. Another hour was spent in the study of missions, when we learned more about the situation in foreign lands from a missionary standpoint, the problems and difficulties as well as the opportunities for service in far-off lands—China, India, the Moslem world, or for social service in our own land. We all, I am sure, came from these studies with a more sympathetic interest in the work of these missionaries. Each morning, too, we had conferences as to the ways and means for making our Association a success, Our afternoons were spent in rest, recreation and amusement, and not the least pleasant memory we have of the Conference is that of our launch trips through that lovely part of Muskoka, while “stunt day” will be ever remembered as one of the jolliest times of the week. The stunts were very clever; by some strange coincidence (perhaps the shadow of a coming event cast before) three of the “stunts” were suffragette parades, each inimitably funny in its own way. Toronto colleges—McMaster, Saint Hilda’s, University College and Victoria—united in a missionary pageant of a dramatic nature, describing the need for Christian workers in foreign lands. Although we missed all the delightful secrecy of preparing a stunt to out-rival all the others, yet it was felt by all that the pageant was wonderfully appropriate and in keeping with the more serious tone of the Conference.

Of all the services those held in the evening were perhaps the most impressive, and will long linger in our memories. They were held in the quaint open-air chapel where we could feel the evening breezes, and hear the gentle lapping of the waters, and watch the beautiful sunsets while we worshipped.

Thus, in many different ways, each delegate to the Conference received an inspiration to forget petty aims and ambitions in life and to work toward some nobler goal than mere self-pleasure, to live lives of service for others.

“ Oh we live! oh we live!
And this life that we live
Is a noble thing and high;
Shall we climb up loftily?
Or shall it be lived in vain?”

G. M., '14.

A June Adventure

On that morning the fishing was poor. Every morning for a week I had fished from that pier of the bridge from seven until nine o'clock, and every day I had carried home a small string of shining rainbow trout. But to-day the fish would not bite, and I was packing up my rod to go home, when a large touring car drew up behind me, and a pleasant voice exclaimed "Good-morning, kind sir, would you care to come for a drive?"

I turned and looked into the smiling face of a young lady, who sat at the wheel of the car. At first glance she seemed to me the prettiest young woman I had ever seen; but then it was a June morning, and I was just twenty-two. So with my best bow I answered: "My humble thanks, fair Princess, but . . ."

"No excuses, kind sir," she interrupted. "It is such a glorious morning, and I do want somebody to talk to. Besides, I promise to return you safe and sound within an hour"—and she laughed merrily.

"Fair Princess," I exclaimed, "at thy behest I lay down my arms, and will follow wheresoever thou wilt," and, suiting action to word, I hid my rod beneath the bridge and climbed up beside her.

"Bravo, Sir Knight," she cried, and clapped her hands in glee. Then she threw in the clutch and the big machine leaped forward along the shady road.

"My felicitations, good Sir Knight," she presently said, "on your splendid exploits in the great Toronto lists." Evidently she knew me. I glanced at her quickly, but she seemed quite in earnest. I had recently appeared in the examination lists with two stars attached to my name.

"Dear Princess," I replied, "you have won my heart. Long and vainly have I sought a proper appreciation of my scholastic efforts."

"That's hardly what I meant, Sir Knight," she said, with a provoking smile. "I was thinking of laurels won upon the football field. Your work there was wonderful."

"Um—um—wonderful—quite so," I stammered. Evidently she did not know me.

"And the tennis championship, too!" she went on, "but, of course, we all knew you would win that."

"Ah yes! A mere trifle," I murmured with a depreciatory wave of the hand.

Quite certainly she did not know me.

After this she speeded the car for several miles in silence. Then turning to me suddenly with a smile, she asked: "Good Knight, do you love adventure?"

"Fair Princess," I replied, "adventure to me is what the sky is to the birds, what the sunshine is to the flowers. It is life, glorious life."

"Then read that," she said tersely, "I found it yesterday," and she handed to me a slip of paper which she drew from a pocket of her driving coat. On the paper was written: "Abbotsville Crossing, S. W. Corner, 3 posts south, 2 feet east and 4 feet deep."

"Why!" I exclaimed, "that must mean the crossing a little farther down this road. Something is buried near the third fence post from the south-west corner."

"Exactly what I think," she cried. "Good Sir Knight, can you wield a shovel?"

"Shure, an' 'tis not for nothing that me ancisters wor Irish," I replied. "'Tis me fav-rite weapon. But where can I find me a trusty shovel now?"

My flippancy perhaps annoyed her, for she made no answer, but merely nodded towards the rear of the car. I glanced over the back of the seat and saw that she had brought a spade with her.

Each intent upon our own thoughts, we said nothing as the few remaining miles of our journey slipped away. Soon the big car came to a halt, and we both leaped to the ground. Without any delay we located the spot named in the directions, and I quickly fell to work with the spade. The day was now hot, and my arms were unaccustomed to manual labor, so that I was very soon weary. But my companion's words of encouragement, together with my own curiosity, caused me to persevere, and presently I was rewarded by seeing at the bottom of the hole the gleam of a red cloth. With a cry of joy I leaned down and

lifted out a large red handkerchief, tied corner to corner, which sagged in the middle with some small but heavy object.

"Fair Princess," I exclaimed, "thy humble Knight lays the trophy of his labors at thy feet. But for goodness' sake," I added, "open it quickly, I am just dying to see what is inside."

Our heads were close together as with deft fingers she unloosed the knots; then as the corners of the handkerchief fell back there burst upon our faces a great flash of light from within. We started back, and from our lips as if in one breath came the word "Diamonds!" For several minutes we gazed in fascination at the beautiful string of stones which lay before us. Then my companion, in an awe-struck voice, whispered: "They must be the Roxborough jewels. They were stolen several months ago, you know, and the thief was caught, but the stones were never recovered. The police have been searching for them ever since."

"Come then," I cried excitedly, catching her by the hand, "let us hurry back to the city and claim the reward."

I slipped the diamonds into my pocket, and hand-in-hand we ran back to the car, which was soon speeding back towards the city.

"We will give them to my brother," she said presently, "and let him claim the reward for us. He is a police officer, you know."

"Your brother—a policeman," I exclaimed in astonishment.

She flushed and answered quickly, "Of course he doesn't have to be. He graduated in Arts last year." Presently she added, "He is training to become a detective, and is working his way up through the force. But, of course, if you would rather"

"Forgive me, fair Princess," I begged, "It is an honorable profession. Certainly he shall return the jewels. It will help to make his reputation."

She rewarded me with a brilliant smile, and for several miles we said nothing more. At last she turned to me, wrinkling her brows in annoyance, and exclaimed: "I believe there is something wrong with this wretched old car. It is acting as though it were going to stop at any minute."

"Sounds to me as if the gasoline were running out," I suggested.

"It can't be that," she replied, in perplexity, "for the tank was filled only yesterday."

She had scarcely finished speaking when the engine gave one final chug of remonstrance and then died. I sprang from my seat and ran around to the hood of the car.

"It must be the carbureter," I cried, "I'll take a look at it."

"Don't you dare," she shouted, rising in her seat. "Why, Jimmy Hollings, you know you told me only last week that you didn't know anything about automobiles. You might blow up the whole car!"

Well, I had learned something, anyway. My name was James Hollings, and my ignorance of automobiles was abysmal.

"It's just provoking," she went on, stamping her little foot, while the teardrops started to her eyes. Then with sudden determination: "But I don't care, so there! You shall take the jewels to town, and I will wait here until another car comes along."

My protests were of no avail. She glanced at the watch on her wrist and added: "You have plenty of time to catch the 11.30 car at the bridge, it's less than a mile away. You will get to the corner of Atlin Avenue and 15th Street about ten minutes before twelve; so you can give the diamonds to my brother before he goes off duty at noon. Hurry away now. Come and see me to-night; you know the address, 820 Riverside Drive. Farewell, Sir Knight!"

"Auf wiedersehen, Princess fair," I cried, and with a wave of my hat I set off down the dusty road.

II.

The street cars on that suburban line usually ran at a very good speed, but the one I boarded that morning was, without exception, the slowest vehicle in which I had ever travelled. I spoke to the conductor about it, and he, rather rudely, advised me to "keep cool, and not go snorting around as though I owned the blankety-blank railroad." I made a note of his number and returned to my seat, where I soon restored my good humor

by anticipatory dreams of the pleasant evening that awaited me. Would I go to see my Princess? Would I? Well, I should rather

My soliloquy progressed no further, for the car stopped with a sudden jerk which precipitated me onto the floor. The conductor strode in and confronted me with a scowl upon his face.

"You're a Jonah," he accused, "juice is off!"

"How long," I inquired, meekly, "do you think?"

"Don't know!" he growled, "may be an hour or more."

I consulted my watch. It was just twenty minutes to twelve. Dismounting from the car, I commenced to run. I have already intimated that the day was warm; it now became blazing hot. I ran for about fifteen minutes, then, covered with perspiration and dust, sank down by the side of the road. Presently the hum of the electric cable caused me to look back, and I saw with relief that the car had started again and was rapidly overtaking me. Signalling the driver, I boarded the car once more and was greeted by the grinning conductor, who promptly demanded a second fare. I paid without protest.

It was just five minutes after twelve when I again dismounted from the car, and I was very much afraid that the officer would have left. Great was my relief, therefore, when I saw him walking away about half a block distant. I called to him, and he at once started back; then as I was advancing to meet him another police officer sprang out from behind the bushes of an adjacent garden, and, grasping me by the shoulder, exclaimed in a hoarse whisper: "The diamonds, quick!"

My brain for once worked quickly. How did he know that I had any diamonds? I turned to the officer I had called, who had now hastened up, and thrusting the jewels into his hand exclaimed: "Here, take these, your"

With a roar the other sprang upon him, but not quickly enough, for he met the onslaught with a well-aimed blow of his truncheon. Suddenly a horrible suspicion flashed across my mind, and without waiting to see the outcome of the fight I fled. Evidently I had now gained my second wind, for I reached home without once stopping.

My suspicions were more than confirmed by the evening edition of the local paper, from which I quote the following:

ROXBOROUGH DIAMONDS RECOVERED.

ACCOMPLICES OF FAMOUS THIEF NOW LODGED IN LOCAL JAIL.

MYSTERIOUS YOUNG MAN WANTED BY POLICE.

A series of exciting events to-day brought to a close an unsuccessful attempt to perpetrate the most daring diamond robbery ever known in the West. Ever since the arrest of O'Keele, who was sentenced for the original theft of the jewels, the police have kept under close surveillance a man and young woman who have been living at 182 Oakland Avenue under the name of Mr. and Mrs. McDale. These people were suspected of being accomplices of the thief, and the police believed that, sooner or later, they would attempt to recover the jewels, which were known to have been hidden somewhere to the south of the city in the district where the thief was arrested.

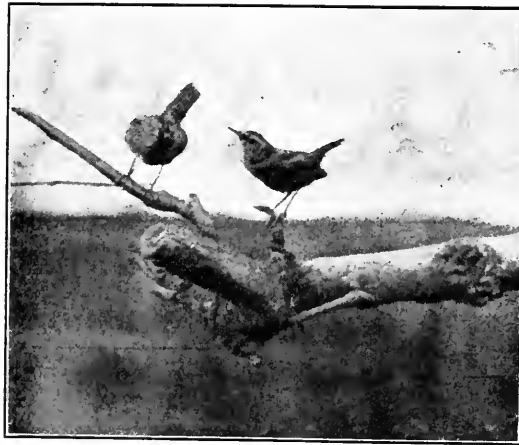
About nine o'clock this morning Officer No. 67 found the two detectives who had been detailed to watch this house lying drugged and unconscious in the shrubbery in front of the house. An alarm was at once sent in and telephoned throughout the surrounding country. Parties of policemen were also despatched to watch the bridges on the south side of the city, and shortly before twelve o'clock one party brought in the young woman under suspicion, whom they had arrested while returning to the city in a large automobile. At the station house she was thoroughly searched, as was also the automobile, but as no trace of the jewels was found the police were about to set her free, when Officer No. 265 came in, bringing with him the male suspect and the diamonds. The officer reported that when passing the corner of Atlin Avenue and 15th Street at 12.05 p.m. on his regular half-hourly beat he was called by a young man who descended from a street car at that point. This young man ran up and was handing him the diamonds when the prisoner, in a police uniform, rushed out from an adjacent garden and attacked him. When the officer had succeeded in overcoming the prisoner, and had placed the handcuffs on his wrists, the young man had disappeared.

At present the case is shrouded in mystery. A search of the male prisoner revealed a small wooden box, stamped, and

addressed to Winnipeg. Evidently the prisoner had been expecting to receive the jewels, and intended to entrust them to the mails as soon as received. The police also attach some importance to the discovery of a string connecting the carbureter with the driving seat in the automobile which the young woman drove, but the significance of this clue has not yet appeared. Until the mystery is cleared up there is no case against the young woman, who is, however, being held on suspicion, while every effort is being made to find the missing youth. The conductor of the street car, on being questioned, said that he remembered the young man, who was of very ordinary appearance, with the exception that he wore around his soft hat several artificial flies, such as anglers use for trout-fishing. Officer No. 265 could add nothing to this description. If this young man was acting in the interests of justice the police urge him to come forward with his story and claim the reward, otherwise the money will go to Officer No. 265."

I have not yet claimed that reward, and beneath the bridge there still lies hidden one perfectly good fishing rod.

H. B.



Missionary and Religious

THE Y.M.C.A.

The Executive of Victoria College Young Men's Christian Association wish to convey greetings, through ACTA, to the students of Victoria. We hope that this year spent together may not only be a pleasant one, but that it may be to all one of true success. As Henry Van Dyke has said: "The true success of student life does not lie in the attainment of scholarship alone, but in the unfolding of an intelligent, upright, fearless, reverent, kind and happy manhood, ready and glad to do service in the world." This is the success we wish you.

The Y.M.C.A. has grown to be a powerful and very important factor in our College. The object of the Association is to promote growth in Christian faith and character, to enlist men in Christian service, and to promote wholesome friendships and associations among the students. Is not this, our aim, worthy of your earnest support?

We shall endeavor to make the meetings as instructive and interesting as possible, and we invite all the men students to attend these meetings, thus helping and encouraging us in the work of the Association. When mapping out your time-table, reserve Tuesday, 4-5 p.m., for the Y.M.C.A. meeting.

But, most of all, we covet your prayers in behalf of the Y.M.C.A. work this year among the students of Victoria. We trust that each may realize his responsibility and do his best to make this organization count for most among his fellow-students. Remember, the Y.M.C.A. is to a large extent what *you* make it.

PRES.

YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

The new student has hardly entered the College doors before she realizes that College life is made up of something more than the mere attending of lectures, and that the interests and activities of college life are many and varied. To take an active part

in all is soon found to be impossible, and a choice is necessarily made. In making this choice, do not forget the Y.W.C.A. The development of a strong Christian character is surely the object of every true woman, and you cannot afford to miss the help and inspiration which will come from meeting together with your fellow-students once a week for a little quiet time with God. Let us remember the words of Christ: "Come ye apart and rest awhile" as we withdraw each week from the strain and stress of college life, to have our religious life deepened and our sympathies broadened. The association will reveal to you undreamed of possibilities in your life, and wonderful opportunities for service if you will only give it a chance. Come and learn more about your *true* self, your fellow-men, and God.

B. C. H.

NORTHFIELD AND ITS CONFERENCE.

The nature of the Northfield Student Conference for men is possibly not as well known among the students of Toronto University as it is in colleges located nearer the place of meeting. Toronto is the University farthest from Northfield sending delegates to the Student Conference held there each year. But the distance does not mar the enjoyment of the voyage, for the scenery along the route is beautiful, especially the Connecticut Valley with the mountains ranged on either side.

Northfield Seminary, the place of meeting, founded by D. L. Moody, is situated at quite an elevation above the Connecticut River, on the east side, almost at the place where the states of Vermont, New Hampshire and Massachusetts meet. This site furnishes a splendid viewpoint from which one can enjoy the rich and varied scenery which that country affords. The wooded mountains rise high to the east, and to the west the sparkling waters of the Connecticut River wind through the fertile valley below, while farther to the west the foot-hills and distant green mountain peaks form the background of a picture that long remains in the mind of every student who attends this summer conference.

This year there were about seven hundred students at the ten-day conference from June 20-29th. The question arises: "What is there at Northfield for these delegates, and why do

they attend in increasing numbers each succeeding year?" It is not the beautiful scenery which makes the delegates so enthusiastic over this Conference. It is not the afternoons spent on the campus playing baseball and tennis, nor is it the memorable "stunt night" with its huge bon-fire, nor the "hikes" that are taken from time to time. These indeed each have an important place in the programme, making it the enjoyable one it has proven to be. These, I say, are valuable, but there are other things infinitely more valuable which have made Northfield a hallowed place in the mind of the delegate.

It is of the greatest value to hear the powerful addresses of such men as John R. Mott, Robert E. Speer, Bishop Brent of the Philippines, Edward C. Carter and Sherwood Eddy at the platform meetings held twice daily in the auditorium. These are men of the strongest type; men who have faced the problems of the world, at home and abroad, and have weighed them carefully. They may be rightly called "successes." They are men, too, who are ready and anxious to meet any who need help of any kind. They take a personal interest in the fellows, and delight to help them in any way. Then there are the little informal discussion groups where the religion of Jesus Christ as an individual faith and as a saving force in the world is freely discussed.

The evening meeting each day on Round Top, near the grave of Dr. R. L. Moody, is perhaps the dearest to the hearts of the delegates, and the one longest to be held in mind. Each evening, immediately after supper, the whole Conference assembles on the high knoll called Round Top, and here the grave question of life-work is treated by the ablest speakers. The delegates sit facing the west, where they can see the sun setting behind the wooded mountains beyond the beautiful Connecticut Valley. There are also organized Mission Study and Bible Study Classes every morning under the leadership of the best qualified men.

What, then, is there at Northfield for the delegate? There is the great privilege of hearing, of meeting and coming into personal contact with some of the greatest and best men; there is the opportunity of meeting and conversing with foreign delegates who often compel one to change his old ideas of existing conditions in foreign countries; there is the opportunity of

associating with students from other Canadian and American Universities, and of thus getting the other fellow's viewpoint. The study of the Bible and Mission under able leaders; the quiet moments of reconsecration spent by the delegate alone on the hillside; all these wonderful privileges combine to make Northfield Conference of greatest value to the lives and dear to the memory of thousands of students.

You would do well to make definite plans for attending this Conference next year.

F. J. T. M.

THEOLOGICAL ALUMNI ASSOCIATION CONFERENCE, 1913.

The Theological Alumni Association held its Annual Conference in the College Sept. 23rd to 25th. About sixty graduates of Victoria assembled from out of Toronto and enjoyed three days of friendly reunions and a return to the atmosphere of college life. There were three sessions each day, and all had opportunity to discuss the papers read at the morning and afternoon sessions. As a matter of fact there was real discussion in only one session of the Conference, namely, that held Thursday morning. The theme of this session was "The Philosophy of Religion," and the claim for idealism was not let go unchallenged. What passed for discussion in the other sessions were really appreciative remarks about the paper read. There were two unique sessions of the programme, characterized by President Falconer as "fine omens for the future of our country." These were the union meetings of the Alumni of Trinity, Knox, Wycliffe and Victoria in Convocation Hall Wednesday morning and Thursday evening. Outstanding men of each denomination contributed to the programme for each session, and so far as their addresses were concerned one could not tell that they were separated by denominational lines. The Alumni of the four Colleges are at least one in spirit and aim.

Regarding the papers read, we can write only a brief note about each. At the opening session Tuesday Rev. W. S. Daniels, B.A., B.D., dealt with the subject "The Preacher as an Educator." Christian education had power, as Christian evangelism had, to create and develop Christian character. Obviously, the preacher must keep up his habits of study for

this work. The speaker urged the preachers to promote teacher-training classes in their Sunday Schools. Rev. H. T. Ferguson, B.A., B.D., followed with a paper on a complementary subject: "The Preacher's Use of His New Testament." Despite the English and American revised editions, and the New Testament in modern speech, still the original Greek had a necessary contribution toward elucidating the particular shades in New Testament thought. Mr. Ferguson illustrated from his personal experience quite convincingly.

The papers Tuesday afternoon and evening were by two of our Victoria Professors, Rev. W. H. Greaves, M.A., and Rev. J. H. Michael, M.A. This was Prof. Michael's first public appearance here since his appointment to the New Testament department. Prof. Greaves' subject was "The Preacher in the Conduct of Public Worship." He confined himself to the conduct of public prayer and of the sermon. He showed the common pitfalls in the conduct of public prayer to be vagueness of thought, pomposity, or familiarity in tone. Maintain proper reverence in prayer. As to the sermon, good extemporaneous delivery requires that the preacher feel about his subject as he did in preparing it, and that his thought be clear. One feels about Prof. Greaves that he has a passion for the genuine in the conduct of public worship. Prof. Michael's paper was on "The Jews of the City of Rome as Portrayed by the Latin Writers," and showed scholarly research. Dr. N. W. DeWitt, who led the discussion, and who has made a similar study of this subject, testified that the material collected in Prof. Michael's essay could not be found in any single book yet published. The fact was shown that under the Empire the Jewish Sabbath was widely observed in Rome as a day of inactivity and rest by Jews and Romans alike. Still more light was thrown upon the bitter hostility of the Jews towards the Christians.

The theme of the joint meeting of the Alumni Associations Wednesday morning was "The Religious Education of the Child (1) in the Home, (2) in the Church, (3) in the Sunday School, (4) in the Public School." The parents' lives, their precepts and the family altar educate the child in the home. "How many preachers through hymn, prayer or address make the child feel he is desired in the public worship?" "We need

graded lessons and trained teachers to make the Sunday School not inferior to the day school for the education of the child." "Religious education should be on the public school curriculum. More space is given in the public school readers of to-day to Biblical and other literature of high moral and religious import than twenty years ago. Scripture selections for memory work for public school pupils could be drawn up to the satisfaction of all denominations."

Wednesday evening ex-Chancellor Burwash reported his "Impressions of the Religious Situation in Japan," where he spent four months this year supported by the students of Victoria. Dr. Burwash's paper was replete with fresh information, and will certainly be made public property by the Department of Foreign Missions. We hope Dr. Burwash may be persuaded to read it before the students of Victoria.

The Thursday morning session provided the deepest intellectual stimulus of the whole programme. Prof. W. T. Brown, Ph.D., successor of the late Dr. Blewett, read a paper on the life and work of his predecessor, which was keenly enjoyed. The memory of Dr. Blewett is a tender memory among all who knew him. After Dr. Brown's essay Rev. B. W. Thompson, M.A., reviewed Dr. Watson's "Interpretation of Religious Experience," offering besides some original reflections.

The Conference closed with a union public meeting of the four Alumni Associations in Convocation Hall. Dr. Hanson of Montreal gave a constructive address on the subject "Christ, the Guarantee of Faith in the Gospels as Inspired of God." Rev. Canon Tucker of London spoke on "The Need of a Chivalrous Service." He adduced from the world's history many examples of chivalrous service, ending with the example of the Christ. Mr. Dan Crawford, F.R.G.S., Africa, gave an account of his impressions of the African after twenty-three years in Central Africa, and he did it in unique style.

Such is the story of the Conference. We close with a word of criticism and counsel from Chancellor Bowles: "Inspiring and helpful as a Theological Conference is, I am convinced it does not meet the need. One-half day is inadequate for the treatment of any of the subjects on the programme this year.

We need instead a summer session for the Alumni lasting at least one month, perhaps in August or September, when graduates can renew the habits of the student."

R. P. STAFFORD, '14.

An Evening Spent

Much did we talk of poets and their song,
This ode of Wordsworth and that strain of Keats,
Browning's great thought, and how it still retreats
As we pursue; yet how his pictures throng!
We popped sweet corn over the ruddy fire,
Knelt in the glow and watched the popper fill,
Laughed when the lid burst up, kept popping still
To see the fairy forms pile high and higher.

A quiet room and fellowship of friends:
This was the blessing, wherewith, each endowed,
We each were rich, yet thought not to be proud,
Content in spirit which such blessing sends,
—And as we sat, the wind in the bare trees
Went weirdly by with his great harmonies.

A. L. PHELPS, B.A.

Scientific

Tea, Coffee, Chocolate and Tobacco

In the scientific articles of the year a series of subjects will be taken, one from each of as many of the natural sciences as possible. The first, "Tea, Coffee, Chocolate and Tobacco," is related to three different kinds of households; "tea and coffee" to the household proper, "chocolate" to the households in embryo, and "tobacco" to that of the bachelor, if he, being married only to a pipe, may be said to have any. The next article will deal more directly with the science of botany under the title of "Trees."

On every day throughout the year the people of England drink 600,000 pounds of tea, which when in the liquid form would make enough to float a man of war. In cash it amounts to a bill of nearly \$40,000,000, which amount is heavily taxed by the British Government.

The tea plant is a native of China and Assam. It is a very handsome shrub, resembling a camellia, with dark, glossy green leaves and beautiful flowers. It was used in China in B.C. 2700, and the first plantations in India were made with Chinese seed. The jungle is first cut down and cleared by the native tribes with elephants. Then at the right time, *i.e.*, after the rains begin, the Indian women and coolies go into the plantations. They carry on their backs a basket supported by a strap across the forehead. These nip off the first two leaves and a bud with their finger and thumb and throw them over their shoulder into the basket. With the basket full they go to the factory and their gatherings are weighed.

In India and Ceylon the actual manufacture is all by machinery. The tea is first emptied on to trays in a shallow layer, a pound of tea covering a square yard. These trays are put in a hot room for "withering." After six hours it is passed through a machine which "rolls" it or gives the leaves a twist. It is then fermented on cement floors when the tea is covered with slips of muslin. It is again rolled and afterward dried

and "fired." The sifting out of the different blends and also the packing in chests are also done by machinery.

In China the rolling, and indeed every stage, appears to be done by hand. It is obvious that in the handling, pattings and rollings of the tea by the Chinese coolies "celestial moisture" may be imparted to it. In spite of this, however, the export of Chinese tea is steadily diminishing.

Tea is sometimes dangerous, especially when it is allowed to stew in the fire for several hours at a time. Besides *thein*, which is the stimulating active part of it, and which is a bracing tonic to the nerves, *tannin* is also found therein. When meat is taken with a large amount of tannin, the latter acts on the meat exactly as it does on hides in a tanning factory, forming a substance resembling leather, which taxes the powers of the strongest digestion.

Coffee was discovered by the goat of a very pious hermit in the mountains of Abyssinia. The goat was seen to eat certain bright red berries and afterwards was very hilarious and pleased with itself. The hermit ate the berries and the results were similar. His disciples noticed an unusual snap in the good man's sermons, and, watching him, also discovered coffee.

Coffee gave rise to the cafés of London and Paris about 1600. In 1718 it was introduced into America, and now the new world produces 82 per cent. of the world's supply.

The plantations require a great deal of care. The shrubs have to be carefully pruned, and the preparation of the coffee bean is not an easy matter. It is really the seed of a bright red fleshy berry. The pulp or flesh has to be removed, and also both a horny skin, the "parchment," and a thin delicate membrane, the "silverskin," in which the seed is enclosed.

The Dutch are the heaviest drinkers, consuming twenty-one pounds per head in a year. The stimulant is due to a drug, *caffein*, which is the same as *thein*.

Chocolate or cocoa is derived from the seed of a tree of which the generic name means "that which the gods browse upon." It is a small tree growing in the warm, moist, and sheltered forests of Central and South America. It has a large fruit after the fifth year, within which are the numerous cocoa

beans, "nibs" or seeds. The beans are separated from the pulp, fermented and dried.

Chocolate is made from powdered cocoa beans mixed with sugar and other materials. Like tea and coffee, it depends for its effect on the powerful drug *thein* or *caffein*, of which it contains minute proportions. There are very few other plants which possess this powerful substance. Amongst them is the kola bean, of which it is told that the Indian natives used to stand on the sentry's beat to sell him the beans, which, when he ate them, caused him to march more upright when passing the point of inspection. The occurrence of the drug is hard to explain. Perhaps there is some fungus or insect enemy of the plants to which the drug is poisonous.

Tobacco contains a similar powerful drug in *nicotine*. The first record we have of the use of tobacco comes from Columbus, who noted its use by the North American Indians. The first Englishman known to use it was Sir Walter Raleigh, of whom the story is told that when seen smoking on his way to the galleys by a servant the latter got a pail of water and threw it over him. Ever since its introduction tobacco has been condemned by all Governments, and the tax on it forms an easy way of raising abundance of money. Nevertheless "the weed" has gained in use so as to assume amazing proportions.

The tobacco plant has large leaves, long pinky or white flowers open at night and strongly scented. It is an annual and very easily cultivated, the large supply coming from the temperate regions. The leaves are prepared for use by fermenting and drying, the different blends arising from slight variations in the process.

Nicotine is a dangerous drug, and if taken in excess by the young has a very marked effect on growth. Lately a German, Dr. Frenkel, has concluded by a series of experiments in which it was shown that certain tobaccos with little nicotine had a stronger effect than some with much more nicotine, that the effect of tobacco is due to proteins it contains. Nevertheless it is true that many, especially bachelors, find great soothing in the after-dinner smoke.

J. S. R.

ACTA VICTORIANA

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Contributions and Exchanges should be sent to W. M. SMITH, Editor-in-Chief.
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EDITORIAL

The value of an editorial depends, in great measure, upon the weight of conviction behind it. Too many of the present-day editorials are made to order, ground out to fill space, or perchance are attuned to harmonize with a Government policy or with the whims of a newspaper proprietor. Editorials of such sort would be better never written. They cannot grip the earnest reader, much less the casual one. Fortunately there is nothing to prevent an editor of *Acta* from meaning what he says when he has anything to say, or from preserving silence when he hasn't. These facts we will endeavour carefully to keep in mind.

How would you like to find yourself suddenly placed under entirely new conditions of supervision and management with inexperience and perhaps inefficiency everywhere in evidence? *ACTA VICTORIANA* yearly undergoes this somewhat trying ordeal. Curiously enough, in times past the magazine appears to have thriven under the treatment. That it may once more survive

and thrive is our fervent wish, but we certainly "hae our doots." Perhaps our doubts and fears may prove our salvation. 'Tis said that a little honest worrying will do more toward solving a difficulty than will hosts of confidence. But, above everything else, we need the support of the students. After all ACTA is really theirs, not ours. They can make it what they will. We urgently request every student to employ a little of his time and talent in an ACTA contribution. The true college man, or the man who wishes to get the most out of his course, will give us of his best.

Our New President

ACTA is very glad to be able to present to its readers a message from President Bowles, as well as to have as frontispiece a picture of Victoria's newly appointed Chief Executive. His message, coming as it does just when he has assumed the duties of the presidency of Victoria University, will be read with deep interest by all into whose hands ACTA may chance to fall. We need attempt to say but little of President Bowles or his appointment. In him firmness and strength are combined, in a remarkable way, with gentleness and intense sympathy. During his tenure as a Professor at Victoria he has been accorded the respect and affection of all the students in a degree and fashion much the same as that enjoyed by our venerable ex-Chancellor, Dr. Burwash. When we have said this we have said much indeed. And we have linked together the names of two great and gracious men, the younger of whom is assuming a position of great responsibility which all expect him to fill with signal success, while the elder is retiring from a post where, through many years of faithful service, he has done work which stamps him as one of the foremost educationalists this Province has known.

Student Government

The term now opening sees the inauguration of a system of student government for the male students of Victoria College. The men of Victoria are to be congratulated upon having volum-

teered to relieve the Faculty of various disciplinary duties. In so doing the students have burdened themselves with work neither pleasant nor easy. The Faculty, on the other hand, have everything to win and little to lose by the experiment. At the same time it is generally felt that the men can themselves best do what little there is of a disciplinary nature to be done around Victoria. Besides, self-government is in itself always a desirable thing. A student's Council was elected last term from the various years whose personnel includes some of the very best men in the College. Upon the success of the labors of this first Council depends largely the fate of student government in Victoria. The experiment will be watched with deep interest by all who have the well-being of the College at heart.

The New Residences

Lucky indeed is the student who attends Victoria in these later days. With the new Library, the new Athletic Building, and now the new Residences, her students are privileged as never they were in the days gone by. Really, at last the Residences are completed and occupied. Many of us came first to College just when the foundations were being builded. Day after day the intermittent moan of the stone-cutting saw came like the drone of a huge cicada and mingled its note with the voices of our instructors. Day after day saw the work rise higher and higher, until to all outward appearance the structure was complete. Nearly two years of weary waiting revealed how much labour was required for the interior work. But, no matter. Now all is done and anticipation merges into realization. We fancy that a true appreciation of this splendid gift can best be shown by the character of the residence-life developed within its walls. The life there should be intensive, but never exclusive. While the opportunities there afforded for close friendship with congenial souls should be used to the full, it must never be forgotten that, whether living in residence or out, we are all students of the self-same College, whose privileges and whose honours must be equally available to all.

The First-Year Students

Again comes the Freshman, multitudes of him, for which we are glad. He must make good, at least academically, or remain long a Freshman, the Faculty will see to that. A Freshman has been described as one who is given endless advice yet profits by none of it. He prefers to learn almost entirely in the rugged school of experience. But we must advise him, notwithstanding. Our advice to him, as indeed to all students, is this: Do not hesitate to undertake a big year's work. The average man is a mechanism requiring quite a heavy load in order that he may work to best advantage. One with little to do generally manages to do still less. Let your course be extensive and varied. There is your academic work, there is the athletic field, there are the various College organizations and functions. You have time, provided that you work systematically, for nearly all departments of College life. Even should you later find that your programme is too full, your error is at least no more serious than that of the man who has centred all his energies upon his academic work alone.

Announcement

In this issue is presented the first of what is proposed to be a series of letters written by graduates in attendance or by fourth-year men upon the various aspects and features of our College life. It is desired in this way to continue under varying guise the work of that loquacious and ubiquitous Freshman whose letters to his "dad" so delighted the readers of the magazine last term. Beyond doubt his energies were directed in a wide field where much good, and possibly some harm, may be done. We feel sure that the letters will be written with a view only to the preserving of Victoria's best traditions, even though upon occasion somebody's toes may be trampled upon. We shall endeavour, of course, to arrange that the identity of the writers of these letters be not disclosed.

Professor De Witt offers a prize of one dollar to the student who submits the best rendering of the College motto *Abeunt*

Studia in Mores. The translation must be true to the spirit of the original and easy to remember. It will be allowable to submit more than one answer, but all must be sent to the Editor of ACTA by October 24th in time for publication in the November number.

The Students' Council wish to bring before the students of the College the following excerpts from the constitution of the Council:—

Art. V. Jurisdiction and Powers.

Sec. 1. Subject to the provisions of the agreement with the Faculty, the Council shall have power to deal with any matter wherein any student, society or organization of the college may be considered to have acted in a manner prejudicial to the best interests of the students of the college, or prejudicial to the college as a whole.

Sec. 2. The Council shall consider any matter under its jurisdiction,

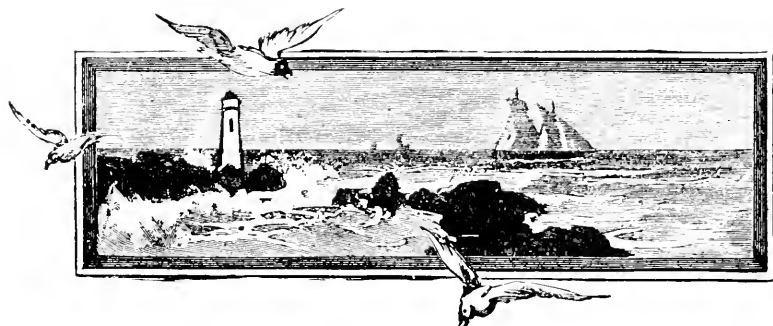
- (1) Upon instructions from the Secretary of the Faculty.
- (2) At the official request of any society or organization of the college.
- (3) At the request in writing of any three students of the college.
- (4) In any case not brought to its notice as above provided, where a majority of the Council deem action advisable.

Art. VI., sec. 1. The right shall be reserved to any student, society or organization of appealing to the Faculty from the decisions of this Council.

Art. IX., sec. 2. The Council upon petition, signed by at least twenty-five male students of the College, shall submit to

the male students of the College the following referendum:
“ Are you in favor of the abolition of the system of student control in Victoria College ? ”

The voting shall be by ballot, and in the event of a majority of the male students actually in attendance at the college voting “ yea ” the system shall become inoperative after thirty days.



From the "Grad." in College

Victoria College, Oct. 1st, 1913.

My Dear Editor,—Of course no one will trouble to read my words of wisdom. Who ever thinks of listening to a "grad."? He is a back number—a "has been"—pushed on and out by the men who follow. They say "he used to be leader of the Government; he's only a 'grad.' now."

In other words, I'm supposed virtually to be dead. Lo, then the dead speaketh.

First of all I might say that it is largely the fault of the returned graduates that they are so shelved. They seem to feel above or past the old activities and rounds. They allow themselves to become wholly taken up with other and outside interests. They draw away when they ought to "jump in"; they neglect where they should encourage; they stand aloof when they could well inspire and guide.

Certainly not all "grads." are in the class which I have described. There was one in attendance during our Freshman year to whom I owe a deep debt of gratitude. He had run a brilliant College course, had had honors showered upon him. But he was willing to give as well as to receive. He always had time for a half hour's chat with a Freshman about College life, its activities and opportunities and dangers, and I know of several in our year who drew inspiration and ambition from their contact with him. He was equally ready to cheer at a debate or to "root" at a football game. He was, in short, an ideal post-graduate. Would there were more like him!

But we "grads," are "sot" in our ways, and, for the more part, hopeless cases, so I leave us. Here's hoping we'll all come to Lit. at least occasionally.

I have mentioned the Lit. What volumes might be written about that august and venerable institution! But not just now. The Lit. might be startled. I am only going to give a word of counsel to the Freshmen. It is this: go to Lit. It's like going to Sunday School—a mighty good habit to form. But let me tell you a well-known secret. 'Sh—I'll whisper it. The Lit. is sometimes slow. Yes, slow—has been—will be. Really though, how else would you expect it to be? The fellows go there that they may learn to talk in public—to think on their

feet. Both are tasks far harder than learning to play the fiddle. But some day the chap who perchance sits silent in Lit. during his first year and inflicts torture both upon himself and all around him when at last he essays to speak—some day that chap will find himself and you will listen.

It would be well to face the Lit. situation squarely. We have had plan after plan for the vitalizing of the Society. Latest of all there has been the party system. Has it proved to be a wonderful elixir?

As a straight matter of fact the Lit. has always been worth while to those who made it so. The trouble is here. While there is not a student of Victoria but desires to be a good speaker, there are mighty few of them ready to spend the time and to endure the mental anguish necessary to the acquiring of the art. Mr. First-Year-Man, you may study your hardest subject right in Alumni Hall. Have you grit and gumption enough to fight it out at Lit.? Once you get on your feet there the Lit. will appear not slow, but whirling.

You will be thinking I'm a Lit. enthusiast. And so I am. I've heard too many graduates bewailing that they had neglected the opportunities afforded there.

By the way we are all enthusiastic about the Residences. I find myself sauntering over just to look at them and to wonder about the coming days to be spent in them. I like to stroll along the walks and drink in the beauty of it all. On the one side are the Residences white and imposing. Yonder is the Library, and here I can look past old Victoria's stately pile and see the trees and spaces of the Park. I think of my undergraduate days—of the hall bedroom with its window looking out upon a dreary brick wall—everything stuffy, smelly, chilly, gloomy, lonely. But now to be in residence with one's fellows, with every convenience, to work in the glorious sunlight by day, to lie down to sleep within the very shadow of old Vic's towers by night—that seems too good to be true.

No, I'm not going into Residence myself. It's the hall bedroom for mine. You see, someone was unkind enough to tell me the rates. The rooms are worth the money, but I guess "Vic." students are richer than they used to be.

Well, I've quit. Will you ever let me start rambling again?

Sincerely,

GRAD.

Personals ^{and} Exchanges

Personals

The purpose of this column is to publish news of the activities and achievements of our graduates. If you can furnish any information that will be of interest in this connection please send it in, for by so doing you will confer a favour upon all our readers, and, incidentally, will win the sincere gratitude of the Personal Editor. Permanent Secretaries of classes are particularly urged to heed this request, and are cordially invited to use this column for the purpose of conveying information regarding their classmates to the members of their own years and to the College as a whole. This is your column, graduates; please use it.

Miss Emma S. Baker, B.A. ('99), Ph.D. ('02), who has been for a number of years Vice-Principal and teacher of English Bible and French in the Mount Allison Ladies' College, Sackville, N.B., has been appointed presiding teacher and teacher of psychology, ethics and economics in the Woman's College of Maryland, Lutherville, Md.

Rev. G. S. Buckingham, M.A., a Victoria graduate of the class of '08, has been appointed to the pastorate of May Flower Congregational Church, Chicago.

THE CLASS OF 1913.

For the following items, concerning the present activities of the graduates of the class of '13, we are indebted to Mr. H. C. Jeffries, the permanent Secretary of the year:—

Miss W. Bunting is teaching in Vancouver, B.C.

Miss E. E. Cloke is at home in Hamilton.

Miss E. M. Henderson is attending Central Business College, Toronto.

Miss T. E. Hutton is teaching in Columbian College, New Westminster, B.C.

Miss A. Merritt is at her home at Clifton Springs.

Miss R. K. Neff is at her home in Toronto.

Miss I. E. Clemens is teaching at Edmonds, B.C.

Miss Leda Snider is attending the Faculty of Medicine, Toronto University.

Miss B. H. Wilson has also entered the Faculty of Medicine.

The following are registered at "Faculty": Misses Allison, Blatchford, Burns, Clement, Cook, Crawford, Douglas, Eakins, Finch, Gilroy, Kettlewell, Oldham, Owen, Phelps, Spence and Whitney.

A. D. Banting is Master of Mathematics and Science at Mount Royal College, Calgary.

W. R. Barraclough is pursuing post-graduate work in physiology.

P. B. Brown is continuing his studies in the Faculty of Medicine.

F. G. Buchanan is teaching classics in the Calgary Collegiate Institute.

H. C. Burwash is a financial agent in Edmonton.

The following are returned to Victoria for further study in the Faculty of Theology: Messrs. F. W. Ainsworth, H. A. Frost, W. J. Mumford, A. L. Phelps, A. L. Smith, J. W. Stewart and F. T. Graham. Several of these will also take up M.A. work.

Osgoode Hall has claimed the following: R. T. Birks, R. B. Duggan, J. W. F. Kerr, W. F. Huycke and J. H. Stoneman.

J. D. Robins is registered at Faculty of Education.

W. E. Sloan is teaching at St. Benedict, Sask.

J. R. Smith has a Fellowship in Physiology at Toronto University.

Messrs. N. O. Thomas, C. H. Warriner, T. D. Wheeler, A. C. Hazen and G. A. Davis are in attendance at Toronto Medical School.

J. R. Peters is pastor at Embro, Ont.

A. P. MacKenzie is pursuing M.A. work at Victoria.

W. J. Little is with the Dominion Securities Corporation, Toronto.

W. E. W. Huttly is preaching and teaching at Nelson House, Man.

J. E. Glover is pastor at Coe Hill, Ont.

J. R. Fryer is in the Seed Branch of the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.

H. J. Goodyear is pursuing M.A. work at Victoria.

H. C. Jeffries is with the Canada Life Assurance Co., Toronto.

A. B. Holmes is in business in New Westminster, B.C.

L. G. McAndless is teaching in Stratford.

H. G. Forster is preaching at Fork's Road, Ont.

W. Coutts is studying theology at Knox College.

W. A. Davidson is pursuing M.A. work at Victoria and specializing in Chemistry.

L. C. Cox and J. C. Dempster are both in business in Toronto.

G. L. Haggen has received a conspicuous honor, having been appointed Rhodes Scholar for British Columbia. He goes to Oxford this fall.

Marriages

BEST—TAYLOR.—At Peterboro, Ont., on May 26th, was solemnized the marriage of Miss Gertrude J. Taylor to Mr. A. Edward Best, B.A. ('11), M.B. ('13).

SISSONS—NORMART.—On Wednesday, May 28th, at Glenolden, Penn., Miss Anna R. Normart became the wife of Professor C. B. Sissons, B.A. ('01), of the staff of Victoria College. The bride was attended by Miss Ellen Cope of Wellesley College, and by her sisters, Misses Lydia and Mary, while the groom was supported by Mr. Lachlan Gilchrist, M.A., of the Department of Physics, University of Toronto. Professor and Mrs. Sissons spent the summer on the St. Lawrence and in the Canadian Rockies, where they attended the camp of the Alpine Club at Mount Robson.

ARNOTT—MURPHY.—At Riverdale Methodist Church, on June 18th, Miss H. M. Murphy became the bride of Rev. J. W. Arnott, B.A., of the Theology class of '13. Rev. F. G. Statesbury acted as groomsmen. Rev. and Mrs. Arnott will reside at Little Current, Ont.

BECKEL—SHERRITT.—Another member of the Theology class of '13 also entered into the bonds of matrimony on June 18th, when Miss Helen Sherritt became the wife of Rev. James E. Beckel. They will reside at Blewerton, Ont., where Rev. Mr. Beckel has been appointed to the pastorate of the Methodist Church.

ROCHAT—DAFOE.—At Toronto, on August 12th, Miss Margaret Norma Dafoe, B.A. ('07), of Jarvis Street Collegiate Institute, was married to Mr. Paul Rochat of Harbord Street Collegiate.

DALY—CULLEN.—At high noon Monday, Sept. 1st, at Christ Church, London, England, Miss Katharine E. Cullen, B.A. ('06), was quietly married to Mr. Richard A. Daly. After a short trip in Europe Mr. and Mrs. Daly are returning to Toronto to reside.

LYON—BROWN.—At Durham, Ont., on August 4th, Mr. James Lyon, the genial and obliging caretaker of Victoria, was united in marriage to Miss Lottie Brown. After a short honeymoon spent in Queenston and Niagara Mr. and Mrs. Lyon returned to Toronto, where they are now residing.

Other summer marriages, of which we have unfortunately been unable to obtain the dates, are as follows:—

REANY—BRUCE.—About the end of June Miss Florence Bruce, of the Faculty of Mount Royal College, Calgary, became the bride of Mr. G. J. A. Reany, B.A. ('08). The ceremony was performed by Rev. G. W. Kerby, B.A., D.D. Mr. and Mrs. Reany will reside at Saskatoon, Sask.

OCKLEY—GRAY.—At Meaford, Ont., Miss C. L. Gray was married to Mr. J. K. Ockley, B.A. ('09). Mr. Ockley is now manager of the Seaman-Kent Lumber Company at Fort William, and he and his bride will take up their residence in that city.

KEYS—McKILLOP.—At a very pretty wedding, Miss Margaret Mae McKillop became the wife of Rev. J. Melvin Keys, B.A. ('12). They will reside at London Junction, the groom's present pastorate.

STOTESBURY—McCULLOCH.—At the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. McCulloch, Oakwood Avenue, Toronto, their daughter, Lottie, was united in marriage to Rev. F. G. Stotesbury. The groom was well known in College as a member of the Theology class of '13.

PETERS—WESTMAN.—Another popular member of the class of '13 entered the bonds of matrimony when Miss Hilda Westman of London, Ont., became the wife of Rev. John R. Peters, B.A. ('13). Rev. and Mrs. Peters will reside at Embro, Ont.

To all these couples ACTA extends heartiest congratulations and sincere good wishes.

Births

AUGER.—To Prof. and Mrs. Auger, 70 Farnham Avenue, Toronto, on August 29th, 1913, a son.

DOMM.—To Prof. and Mrs. Edward E. Domm, of Naperville, Ill., on June 2nd, 1913, a son, Sheldon Edward. Prof. Domm graduated from Victoria with the class of 1908.

Exchanges

Owing to the earlier date of publication of this number of ACTA the material for this column has been prepared before the opening of College. No time has presented therefore for the review of our exchanges, but in our next issue we shall endeavor to give proper attention to this department.

We beg to acknowledge receipt of midsummer numbers of the following exchanges: *The Harvard Monthly*, *O.A.C. Review*, *The Saint Andrew's College Review*, *Manitoba College Journal*, *University of Ottawa Review*, *Allisonia and Acadia Athenaeum*.



Every student upon entering the new year of College, particularly Freshmen, should determine at the outset what is going to be his attitude toward sports, in fact, every student should endeavor to devote some time daily to some form of athletics. The ideal of each should be to attain, at least, a respectable standing in his studies, and also to develop himself physically. This should be his first ambition. The time, therefore, which he devotes to outdoor exercise should be regulated by the time that the student deems necessary to fulfil that ambition. Victoria does not want men who shine at studies and are never seen on an athletic field. Again in turn, she does not want the man who is a brilliant athlete and who at the same time thinks that he has fulfilled his fondest dreams if he just manages to "scrape" through after perhaps two or three attempts. The clever weakling and the sturdy dunce should both alike be discouraged. What Victoria wants is men who rationally aim to combine excellence in sports and studies in a just proportion. It is true that we should endeavor to make a success of anything we undertake. If we put a team in an inter-faculty series we should make a tremendous effort to have that team win. We want to win, but not at all costs, for what we lose may be much greater than what we gain. If in capturing the Jennings Cup, for example, while a handful of trained athletes are winning renown for the College the rest of the student body is only to be seen on the athletic field for the purpose of cheering on its team to victory, and is never actively itself engaged on the field, then we are losing more than we gain.

Let every student aim to take part in some form of daily exercise. Out of the large number of sports played at the College, every man can surely find one in which he can take part. Never mind if you cannot make a team; you can at least develop yourself, and it may be that you may have your crack at the man who beats you out for a place on a team when the next examination results are announced.

There should be far greater attention paid to inter-year games, and also to games between men of the same year. In such games as the former, men who succeed in making inter-faculty teams should be debarred from taking part. The idea of such contests is to give the man a chance who is not good enough to get on the more important teams. For example, last year a series of basketball games were arranged between the members of the Classics course of the second and third year. This had the effect of bringing into the gymnasium men who have rarely been known to be seen on an athletic field, and also of getting them to take part and develop interest in a line of sport in which they had probably never before participated. This is the way in which athletic exercises reaches the ideal, and we recommend these suggestions to the students.

There has been some talk of having a swimming tank placed in the new Athletic building. This will surely be a great asset to the College. It will also give Victoria a far better chance of developing water-polo players. It would prove of inestimable advantage to those residing at Burwash Hall and also to the whole Victoria student body, as many more would use the tank than at present, where it is somewhat inconveniently situated and the price of lockers comparatively high.

During the past four years Victoria has won her share of the Inter-faculty Cups. Let us hope that she will at least do as well and even better this year, and may it be said that every "Vic." student is participating regularly in some form of outdoor exercise.

RUGBY.

The Rugby season will soon be in full swing, and it will not be long before the whistle will have sounded and started the first game in the Mulock Cup series. It is therefore important that the practices of "Vic.'s" Rugby team should commence with the opening of College. There should be good material for a strong team. Let every man who has ambition to make the team turn out to the very first practices. We need the support of every Rugby player in the College if Victoria is to keep up the record which she has made in the past. If you know of a freshman who can play Rugby do your best to make him get

out to practices, and at least give his name to Captain Watson. "Vic." has not won the Mulock Cup now for a few seasons, but has always taken part in the finals or semi-finals. It is surely time the Cup was coming to our College again. Let us make it sure.

SOCCER.

Another game which will figure prominently in "Vic." sports is Soccer. While it does not occupy quite as prominent a position in fall athletics as Rugby, yet it is an ideal game for development, and by the number of men who took an interest in it last year there should be the nucleus of a good team. The first practice will be announced shortly.

TENNIS.

Tennis, of course, has always been popular at Victoria. The tournament last year was a huge success, and no doubt will be again this year. There are, at present, a good bunch of players at the College and fairly well matched. All those who are interested should get into the tournament. If not the "opens," at least the "handicaps." Mr. C. R. Duggan was appointed by the Athletic Society to look after the tournament, and any desiring to enter it should hand their names to him. There is a small entry fee, which will be announced later.

WATER-POLO.

The liberal offer of Sir. H. Pellatt of seven valuable silver medals for the winning team in the Inter-Faculty Water-polo series will no doubt create marked enthusiasm in this line of sport. Victoria has placed a team in the series for the past two years. Each team has entered the finals, but unfortunately been beaten twice. This fact should be a great impetus this year for the team to make sure of getting into the finals and then capturing the medals. This is the first year any prizes have been offered for water-polo. It will therefore be a great honor for Victoria if she can be the first to capture them. Every man who swims should take an interest in this sport.

Manager Duggan or Captain Fleming will be pleased to have the names of any freshman or others who are either players or anxious to learn.

HANDBALL.

The handball players are already making preparations for a winning team. This is a great game for those who do not shine at other branches of athletics. There is always a great interest taken in this game, and "Vic." can generally hold its own with the other Colleges. The court is always filled, which shows what interest is taken in it by the students.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS.

V.C.A.C. is anxious to have every woman student of Victoria College an active and enthusiastic member. The club needs the willing support of the girls, and the girls need the stimulus that the sports it provides will give them.

Any sane-minded person will admit that a student needs recreation and diversion from the strenuousness of the work provided for in the curriculum. What recreation could be more beneficial or enjoyable than the paper-chases, and the games of tennis, field hockey, ice hockey and basketball, all of which are provided for by the V.C.A.C.? One not only profits by the wholesome outdoor and indoor exercise, but she enjoys this in company with her classmates.

We would especially urge you who are entering College this year to take an active interest in these games. If you cannot engage to some extent in all, specialize in one at least, and be enthusiastic about that.

* * * * *

Last year the Inter-Collegiate Hockey Cup went permanently to St. Hilda's after having been won by them for three successive years. Neither have we an inter-year basketball trophy. It has been found that the existence of a trophy causes more enthusiasm and interest, consequently a great opportunity is knocking at the door for any who might wish to present trophies for these league games.



Desperation

(With due apologies to everybody.)

Wilt list, proud mortal, to a tale of woe?
For cruel misfortunes on these columns perch.
"Locals" no editors at all do know,
Both have contrived to leave us in the lurch.
One, scarce appointed, ere she went to rest
Trampled the honor that her Lit. had given.
To flee to Rockies deemed the other best.
Nor will return, e'en should his soul be shriven.

Haste, O dictators of the gownèd bands!
Get ye some humorists for this fearsome task.
Choose with all speed, fulfill your law's demands.
Two wags, both queerish; this is all we ask,
We would your wrath again not on us bring,
Ye Gods! another sonnet such we could not sing.

One of the best new yells of the Muskoka season has been in daily use at Elgin House (except when Mr. Love, the proprietor, has been on the dock). Mr. Love claims that it was first heard during the sessions of the Y.W.C.A. Conference in June last. It runs as follows:—

"I heard the steamboat whistle,
I heard the steamboat bell,
The steamboat boiler busted,
The steamboat went toot! toot! to ELGIN HOUSE."

Must we suspect the budding genius of Miss Clark ('14) was responsible for this atrocity, or did Miss Morgan ('14) thus endeavor to torment Mr. Love?

The Residences are already inspiring our assistant janitor with a new sense of dignity. We are informed by him that his name is not, never was, and never will be, William. Be it understood that in future he will answer to no cognomen but Wellington or Wilbert. For further information see Wellington.

Sean—n '16, talking all unknowing to a McMaster lecturer—“I liked Browning a little better after reading some of his *truck*. As for Milton, I have no use for that *gink*.”

Sometimes the country ladies get one on our old graduates. How is this, for instance:—

Hostess, at supper, to Wells ('06).—“How do you take your tea, Mr. Wells?”

Wells.—“No tea for me, thank you. I drink tea only before I have a service or when I'm going to make some extra effort. It seems to stimulate me.”

Hostess (quite unconsciously).—“Dear me! You should drink tea all the time.”

One interested has taken the trouble to record the opinions expressed by several Muskoka natives—and some others—with respect to the Y.W.C.A. party which visited Elgin House during June. It may be noted that the people whose opinions are adduced are all excellent judges of human nature, so their *bona fide* expressions may be of some interest. Especially is this so when it is remembered that numerically the delegation from Victoria was by far the largest at the Conference.

Capt. Bailey.—“Two hundred of them, did you say? I never noticed them.”

The Stewardess.—“They're strong on tea.”

A Waitress.—“Don't believe they are very religious.”

An Indian Guide.—“Humph!”

His Wife.—“Heap big noise, anyhow.”

The Baggage-man, Elgin House.—“They've baggage enough to stay three months.”

George Fraser, Bow-line Deckhand.—“What's the matter with 'em? They kind of look serious.”

The News Agent.—“Lots of money for me.”

His Assistant.—“ That bunch from “ Vic.” can sure make the most noise.”

The Lockmaster, Pt. Carling.—“ Do they yell that way when they’re at college ?”

Mr. Love, Elgin House.—“ I’m always glad to have the young ladies.”

Mr. Love, jun.—“ Mighty glad I’m married.”

A Presbyterian Purser.—“ Bet you they can all dance.”

A Purser.—“ If they could only be as free and kindly next October !”

The ladies will be gratified that for once an opportunity has been given them “ to see themselves as others see them.”



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Milk and Cream—Milk, that contains all of its natural butter fat; Cream, that contains a specified amount of butter fat.

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IS THE BEST BREAD BAKED

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OFFICIAL CALENDAR OF THE DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION FOR THE YEAR 1913.

OCTOBER

1. Principals of High and Continuation Schools and Collegiate Institutes to forward list of teachers, etc. (Not later than October 1st).
Municipal Council declares by resolution for forming Municipal Board of Education. (On or before 1st October).
Notice by Trustees of cities, towns, incorporated villages and township Boards to Municipal Clerks to hold Trustee elections on same day as Municipal elections, due. (On or before 1st October).
Night Public Schools open (Session 1913-14). Reg. 12. (Begin on 1st October).
15. Trustees' Report on purchase for Public School Libraries, to Inspectors, due. (On or before 15th October).

NOVEMBER

1. Inspectors' Reports on Rural Library grants, due. (Not later than 1st November).
Inspectors' application for Legislative aid for Free Text Books to Rural Schools. (Not later than 1st November).

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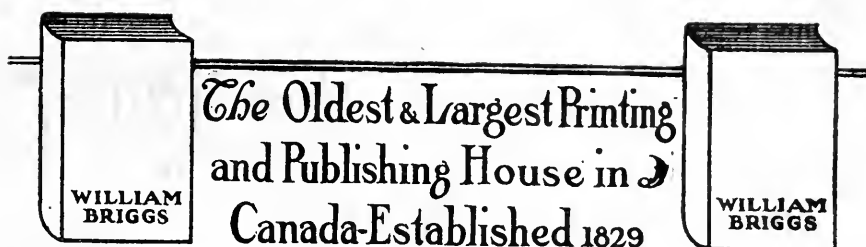
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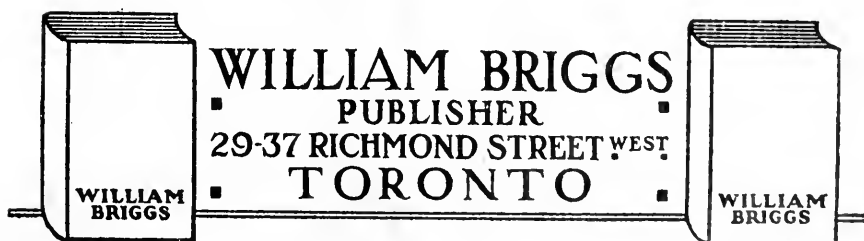
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